



T H E

K Sailor's Delight.

HARK! the boatswain hoarsely bawling
 To topfail sheets and hallyards stand,
 Down your stay-fails quick be hawling,
 Your topfails quickly hand, boys, hand,
 Quick set the braces, don't make wry faces,
 Your topfail sheets let go, let go,
 Starboard here, tol de ra,
 Larboard there, tol de ra,
 Turn your quid, take a swear,
 Then Yoe, Yoe, Yoe.

As the ship goes so time passes,
 Life's too short to loose a day ;
 Charge your guns, boys, fill your glasses,
 For the ship is under weigh.
 See how she rolls, heave the lead,
 Sound the bowl, mark above water how she goes
 Starboard, &c.

Damn fear, 'tis all a notion,
 When our time's come we must go ;
 Ne'er mind the billow's motion,
 Tho' the ship heaves too and fro'.
 See how she rolls, heave the lead,
 Sound the bowl, mark above water how goes
 Starboard, &c.

I do as a sailor should do,
 When a bit of a song's in the way,
 But now 'tis time for to leave off,
 For I can no longer stay,
 The French and the Spaniards may please us,
 With their music and such sort of stuff,
 But we Britons have tipt them loud thunder,
 Which the French have thought music too
 rough,
 See how she rolls, &c.

